

[To Mrs. Gray.]

THE TIMES, MONDAY, January 27th, 1851.

£10 reward,***** *****]***** ***** ***** *****	If <u>J. L. G.</u> will write to her disconsolate husband, all may yet be forgiven, and hap- piness restored*****	Whereas my wife etc etc. etc. etc. etc. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. etc. etc. etc. etc. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.	<u>Strayed</u> or stolen on the 20th inst from no. 5 Cumberland Place, Kew**
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My Dearest Jane,

Fearing you may find a lack of amusement in so dull a place as Paris, I send you the Times, which, you know always is of absorbing interest to me of an evening, and so I naturally thought it might amuse you. But as I remember you generally restrict your reading to the top of the first page, I, being of frugal mind, merely send your favorite portion, and so save postage.

The letter from Folkestone—i. e. the sheet for your sister Sue,—and the note apprising me of your safe arrival at the Lowell's came duly to me—so long ago I have really forgotten when. But when I am asked, as I am twice a day, for later news of Mrs. Gray,—what would you like me to say? I am becoming an object of general sympathy, being first deserted and then neglected, which, as Miss Hooker justly observes, is adding in-sult to injury. I see no American news in to-day's Times. Nevertheless, I dare say, there will be letters for you by the day after to-morrow. Perhaps you may like to send me some instructions as to what is to be done with them. You may have said something about it, but you know I have a short memory, and should like fresh instructions,—till their arrival, I suppose the safest way will be to keep the letters, eh?

Seriously, I am quite anxious to hear from you, my dear Jane, and was quite disappointed this evening. I remember you reported yourself not quite well, at the last accounts; but I have no ill forebodings, I know how very busy your days must be, and what with the opera, and chat-ting with Aunt Lowell, I can well imagine that you have none of the lei-sure evenings, such as those at no. 5. C.—Place, Kew. Only I should like to hear from your own pen that you are enjoying yourself, and pray leave a little of the sight-seeing, that we may enjoy it in company, in the spring.

I have such a store of kind remembrances, and affectionate regards from all the good Hookers, who constantly speak of you, and seem indeed as anxious to hear from you as your affectionate husband himself.

[To Mrs. Gray, Jan. 1851 Cont.]

But you will be pained to learn that, (tho' Sir Wm. continues on the whole to mend) Lady Hooker has had a quite severe ill turn, —a rush of blood to the head, —violent headache—(unfortunately the attack came on a day when three separate parties were here—the Benthams and two others) —It was relieved by leeches, and all danger over, it was thought, that same evening, but she still keeps her bed, and can bear as yet only very moderate light. I was not fully aware at the time how sick she was.

omit "you"
The day after I wrote [you] last a letter came for you from your Aunt Anna—no particular, special news—all going on well baby included. Italy agrees with all but Aunt A. who does not find it agree with her. Shall I forward the letter?

print
The Benthams came down on Thursday—Mrs. B. was looking very poorly, but B. said she had had a particularly bad night—no sleep at all. She expressed much sorrow at not meeting you at Folkestone: —it was vexatious—and sends many kind regards—I gave her your parcel, as she left, and she seemed much pleased. Friday and Saturday passed here like all other days—I pleasantly busy at work—and we all cosily meeting at breakfast, dinner, and tea. But Sunday (yesterday)—tho. distressed that I had no news to take to Clapham and Hampstead, I set off by train to Vauxhall, reached Ward's in good time to go to church with them, —all glad to see me—enjoyed the service and the sermon—had a much better seat than with the flunkeys! —stayed to dine with them at 3 P.M. —Mrs. Ward down to dinner, and looking better, —your health drunk—I returned thanks—Nathaniel with us, I more and more pleased with his intelligence and good sense—At 5 o'clock, I took omnibus for City—another for Oxford St. —a third for Hampstead—found Lady Bentham's cottage after a while —saw Mr. and Mrs. B. —the latter looking very much better than Thursday, she desired her love and very much thanks to you, —thinks her letters not worth 10d. —and so will not write till you are back here. To-day they are off (fine day) for home, and are long before this at Pontrilas. Benth^{am} asked after my ribs—where they were broken—and "do they stick out, like Hans's?" Left soon after 8 o'clock—omnibus to Oxford St. —walked to station at Waterloo—9½ train to Mortlake—and so back here at 10½. —This evening the Henslows have come, Prof. H. a stout built, hearty, lively man, Miss Henslow plain—very—(much fatigued) but interesting, very unaffected and sensible. I shall have opportunity to know her here, and so I hope will you.) But, the great event of the day is the call from Mrs. Bates. (How do you think she heard of you? Why, yesterday Sir Edward (is not that his name) Fitzroy, or Lord Fitzroy—says, "Do you

[To Mrs. Gray, Jan: 1851. Cont.]

Wm?
Wm?
know what very agreeable and interesting Americans there ^{are} now at Sir W. Hooker's—Prof. and Mrs. Gray?"—Now as he has only seen the latter, of course the full and total weight of the compliment belongs to you! Whereupon Mr. B. remembered the letter I brought, and Mrs. Bates came over (from Mortlake where they now are) at once in her carriage—with a very good looking young Hander Meyer—to call—learning how matters stood insisted on seeing me—and (Miss Hooker being out) we had a long chat.

They are off for Italy early next month. She took your address—and hopes to meet you in Paris.—"Spend but 2 or 3 days there—just to dine with the President."—*****&c.—&c.—&c.—very much of it, and very amusing!

Also funny is this. She spoke of a learned Professor, from Cambridge—who had just come over, with letters from Mr. Everett—very scientific.—Guess who it proved to be? Nayer Green, of Cambridge. C'est drôle!!

Wm?
Mrs. B. was trying to make out your genealogy, and was asking after "Mr. Loring who married Miss Lothrop, an old acquaintance of hers.—" I thought she had mistaken the name, and went thro. the whole race of Lorings and their wives—but no! Finally I thought of your dear old grand father, and said, "Oh! I have it,—we must go back one generation!" "Oh yes," said she—"Go back a long way—I am as old as the hills."—How Hooker laughed when I told him the story! and when I told him of the man of profound science, and of another—whom we have not seen yet—the new American Secretary of Legation to Vienna—who is "a great botanist"—Mr. Somebody—whom neither Hooker nor I ever heard. Travelling titles. I suppose Mr. Green is dubbed Professor—to travel with—like Mr. Professor Brooks before him. Now, do not call yourself the wife of a Professor—but of a certain, simple (your affectionate husband)

Asa Gray

* Louis Napoleon -